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commonweal

Henry S. Reuss

BACKING SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD

A hard look at new Treasury policy

Richard Rashke

POWER FOR BLACK CATHOLICS

Ripples in a sea of white complacency

Alain Woodrow *on the excommunication of Roger Garaudy* ● ***Saul Maloff*** *on Neil Simon's latest play* ● ***James Harvey*** *on Hollywood's George Patton* ● ***Frederick Franck*** *on the Dutch travail* ● ***James O'Gara*** *on Townsend Hoopes' account of LBJ and Vietnam*

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NEWS & VIEWS

Witch Hunting in Italy

Informations Catholiques Internationales makes the obvious reading of the Baldassari case: the principle of establishment protection for hierarchical authority crumbles when the challenges are from the right.

Baldassari is the Archbishop of Ravenna, who is under investigation by the Vatican for progressive propensities: like condemning the ecclesiastical silence surrounding the Defregger case, like extending moral support to the parish priest of Isolotto, like not seeming to share the very clear position of the Pope on priestly celibacy.

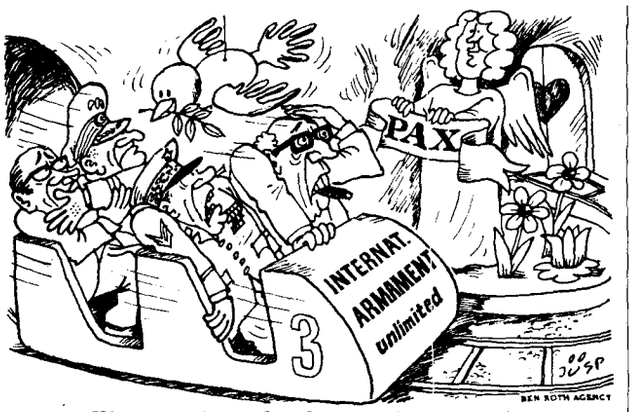
The Vatican dispatched an "apostolic visitor" to Ravenna in mid-February. Archbishop Baldassari, in an action unprecedented for Italy, made public the "visitor's" business, together with a strong defense of self.

As he told a reporter from *Giorno*, there'd be no repetition of the "Lercaro scandal" in Ravenna. Cardinal Lercaro, recall, was eased out as Archbishop of Florence when his mode was found wanting following a secret "apostolic visit."

"These investigations I no longer understand," said Archbishop Baldassari. "I believe the church should have controls that are more human, less centralized. They could be exercised within the bosom of the national bishops' council. We all have failings. Between bishops and priests there should be explanations, not investigations."

Archbishop Baldassari faces the possibility of being removed from office, and he admits he is already looking for "a place to which to retire." But he refuses to go meekly, as did Lercaro, and for this, who is there to blame him?

Acquiescence is fault, not virtue, in any situation where the rules of conduct are tools for the forces of reaction.



Wir Bruckenbauer, Switzerland

The scariest bend in the tunnel

Next Question, Please

Anthony Mancini's article on celibacy in the Feb. 21 *New York Post* opened with what he said was a "bit of apocrypha":

" 'Father,' inquires a demure girl at a parish meeting, 'do you think priests such as yourself will live to see the church abolish the rule of celibacy?'

"Knitting his brow, the youngish assistant pastor answers: 'Maybe we won't but our sons will.' "

The Publishing Scene

The problem of rising production costs and diminishing readerships isn't peculiar to American religious publications.

In England, the Anglican Diocese of Worcester has announced that its paper, the *Worcester Diocesan Messenger*, will shut down in May.

"The paper is running at a loss and . . . I cannot see that it can be made a viable proposition," said Bishop Mervyn Charles-Edwards. "It is sad that this has happened; other dioceses have had to give up their papers."

The Worcester closing leaves British Anglicans with but one diocesan newspaper, the *Norwich Churchman*, although there is a possibility that the Exeter diocese will resurrect the paper it buried last year.

Meanwhile, in this country the hand of death has reached out to touch *The Kenyon Review*, for 30 years one of the nation's leading literary journals.

The *Review* lost $40,000 last year and, with another deficit looming, the decision was made to suspend publication, effective with the current issue.

Trustees of Kenyon College, sponsor of the *Review*, said college funds could no longer be diverted for the magazine's support.

A pragmatic but lamentable decision.

The Clergy Investment

The clergy drain is costing the American church dearly in money as well as manpower.

Just how dearly is indicated in the literature of the National Association for Pastoral Renewal.

NAPR places at $21,000 the average cost of training an American priest (seven years at $3,000 per year).

It also estimates that at a minimum 3,000 priests have left the active ministry in the U.S. in the past three years.

Thus, in one short period, remarks NAPR, "the American bishops have watched $63 million in trained manpower walk out of their dioceses."

NAPR juxtaposes the figures with the statement of Bernard Cooke citing the need "to develop new forms of Christian life and priestly ministry."

The implication seems to be that dollar investment is another reason for altering the old order of things.

Maybe it is, but no one should expect the bishops to think so. If they're willing to go bankrupt over education, they'll enter receivership before they budge for reasons of finance on celibacy, free ministry and other NAPR concerns.

Measures of Success

An auld-lang-syne piece on the late Edwin O'Connor in the *Providence Journal* recalls how O'Connor knew for certain that he had made it financially with *The Last Hurrah*:

"First, I have received my last form letter from Notre Dame addressed 'Dear Fellow Alumnus.' Now, I get ones that start off 'Dear Ed.' And second, I now realize there is an upstairs to Filene's basement."

Odds and Ends

—For $6 a San Diego organization will prove to "a fighting man that you appreciate the sacrifice he is making for our country" by sending him tokens of the things he is fighting for, including some Wrigley's gum, a box of Excedrin and, you guessed it, a vial of Heinz ketchup.

—The Pentagon solved the problem of the plaque in the Eisenhower Corridor commemorating Ike's farewell address by excising, neat as you please, the military-industrial complex references in favor of Ike's thanks for the opportunity to have served.

—Finally, Congressman Benjamin Rosenthal's evaluation of the national condition in a WBAI commentary: "We couldn't pass the Magna Charta or the Bill of Rights in today's Congress."

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Begetting Extremes

St. Louis, Missouri

To the Editors: I cannot resist responding to the editors' own "debating points" in answer to my previous letter [Feb. 2.].

There is no doubt that the FBI is a more serious threat to civil liberties than the SDS. But does that mean the SDS is no threat at all? The editors' reply seems to imply that so long as an official law-enforcement agency is not involved, it is permissible for a private group to engage in illegal activities like stealing private correspondence and making it public.

This seems like an argument for vigilante justice, and I think it is regrettable that so many liberals have gotten themselves into the position of arguing that there are certain groups in society which by virtue of their exceptional idealism and acute moral sensitivity are exempt from the legal restrictions which bind other citizens. No society can tolerate this, least of all a democracy.

Your response also implies that the SDS needs the FBI: so long as the FBI continues to act irresponsibly SDS is justified in acting irresponsibly. This is exactly the pattern of extremes begetting extremes that cannot help ending in disaster.

If a YAF group broke into a professor's office and published evidence of his connections to the Communist party, would *Commonweal* be so tolerant and benevolent? JAMES HITCHCOCK

The Faith Crisis

Baltimore, Md.

To the Editors: I believe that you are correct in your News & Views item of Feb. 13 in saying that in addition to celibacy there is another more basic factor responsible for the declining number of clergy, namely the present crisis of faith.

Of the many elements which have contributed to this crisis, I would like

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AND NOW LAOS?

Did Mr. Nixon tell the truth in his statement about Laos? That is the first question, and it is a wider one than the Talmudic argument whether Captain Bush and other Americans were killed in "hostile action" or "ground combat operations." Mr. Nixon has without doubt told Americans more about U.S. involvement in Laos than they have known to date; it is a shame he did not do so of his own initiative instead of waiting till enterprising reporters and worried Congressmen tightened the thumbscrews. What Mr. Nixon's statement lacked was a truly accurate admission of the history and extent of American involvement in Laos. The Pathet Lao's and North Vietnamese's operations are dated from the 1950's; our own Byzantine intervention in Laotian affairs before 1962 is ignored. More crucially, the statement omits mention of the American-made and American-supported Meo army led by the rather grisly personnage, Major General Vang Pao. It was the too successful sweep across the Plaine des Jarres of the over-achieving general and his fierce tribesmen which prompted the recent North Vietnamese riposte—and exactly who, if anyone, controls the Meo army remains unclear.

Such omissions do not merely offend some Platonic ideal of the True; they have implications for U.S. policy. Thus Mr. Nixon can blame Hanoi alone for the present confrontation in Laos; thus any movement toward settlement must wait till Hanoi is converted to "realism and reasonableness." The family resemblance between this approach and the rationale which keeps Americans killing and dying in Vietnam is enough to be worrisome.

The conflicts in Laos and South Vietnam are connected, and they will not be settled separately. Mr. Nixon half recognizes this fact when he links Hanoi's conduct to possible progress in Paris. (Never mind the fact that Nixon continues to downgrade the Paris talks by refusing to appoint a prestigious successor to Henry Cabot Lodge.) Yet he evades the connection when he asks Britain and Russia to help restore the 1962 Laos accords without extending the request, as we would strongly recommend he do, to the settlement of the entire conflict in Southeast Asia. Hanoi's aims in Laos are not yet clear; certainly one of them is to demonstrate the flimsiness of the Vietnamization scheme and the notion enjoyed in Washington that America can have its war without having to fight it. Is the U.S., as in the past, simply going to call Hanoi's counter-tactic unfair as we insist on our

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right to pursue our own tactics? Is the President, as in the past, going to hope that Russia will pull our chestnuts out of the fire? Or will America finally face up to the fundamental mistake in our efforts to control the nature of the regimes in Southeast Asia?

There is much more to be said about Laos. Rest assured that it will be. America's stake in the area—if any—is far from clear; and Mr. Nixon is to be credited for showing more restraint in talking about U.S. goals than Presidents have in past statements about both Laos and Vietnam. Yet much that he did say raises doubts. Is it, for instance, the U.S.'s responsibility (as opposed to its preference) to make sure the Lao people are left to settle their differences "in a peaceful manner"?

Nor does the Nixon statement resolve the legal question raised by Senator Church. In fact the curious doctrine seems to be emerging that the President's Constitutional obligation to consult with Congress over foreign wars is limited to ground combat operations. The air force is evidently the private arm of the Executive!

And finally, if both truth and the need for public discussion are to be served, the hearings held by the Symington subcommittee on Laos should be published—and not in the heavily censored form which, so far, the Senator has refused to admit as an honest and satisfactory version.

NEGLECT – BUT WHAT KIND?

Two "race" stories recently hit the front pages of the nation's newspapers within a few days of one another. One was based on reports of a memorandum to the President from newsworthy Daniel Patrick Moynihan, in which presidential counselor Moynihan argued that blacks have made "extraordinary progress" and suggested that "the time may have come when the issue of race would benefit from a period of 'benign neglect.'" The second racial news report recorded the fact that in South Carolina dozens of white men carrying such weapons as axe handles attacked a school bus carrying black children to school, smashing windows and overturning the bus. The two events were unrelated, and Mr. Moynihan would, of course, disavow the South Carolina happening, and with all sincerity. Nonetheless, the incident and the spirit behind this and other similar incidents make entirely understandable the angry reaction of the black community to the Moynihan recommendation to Mr. Nixon of "benign neglect" on racial issues.

The phrase itself comes from an 1839 report on Canada which described that nation as having grown more competent and capable of self-government "through many years of benign neglect" by Great Britain. Interesting as it may be as a bit of North American history, however, the phrase has little relevance to present-day racial realities. Obviously it would be good if white and black extremists were heard from less, but is there any chance of silencing them by sweeping under the rug the frighteningly real problems of millions of black people? Indeed, don't the riots of not-so-many summers ago give us a clue as to what the results of such a policy would be? It would be a very rash or insensitive person who would go into any of America's ghetto slums and argue that a policy of "benign neglect" was the answer to bad housing, uncollected garbage, inferior schools, rats and vermin. What will benign neglect do for those condemned to live under such conditions, or for the thousands who still live in sharecroppers' shacks, or for those children condemned to third-rate schools? What will it do for the hard-core unemployed, in Detroit and elsewhere? What will it do for the black men who are emasculated in their own homes by lack of education and job opportunities?

Mr. Moynihan to the contrary notwithstanding, none of these ills can be attacked in a comprehensive way without vigorous governmental action, under the leadership of a determined President. Sadly, at this point the signs are many that the Nixon Administration is determined to undo the progress in civil rights made in the last few years, and this is a tragedy that phrase-making cannot conceal. Indeed, the danger now is not that Mr. Moynihan's slogan will be formally adopted but that his gift at phrase-making will be used to cover a neglect that is total but hardly benign.

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The Excommunication Of Roger Garaudy

The expulsion of Roger Garaudy from the Central Committee of the French Communist Party, at its XIXth Congress, was a foregone conclusion for most observers, sympathetic or otherwise. While the Roman Church is trying gamely, with varying success, to destalinize its methods—even Pope Paul recently boasted that the last council avoided the traditional *anathema sit*—heresy-hunting is still a favorite Communist sport.

In this sport, the odds are more heavily loaded against the quarry than in traditional blood sports. And if Garaudy received the unprecedented honor of actually being allowed to defend his ideas in the Party's official organ, *l'Humanité*, and on the rostrum of the congress itself, it was merely an elaborate trap. As Neal Ascherson put it in the *Observer*, the Party machine put all its energies into "smashing a nut with a sledgehammer." In fact, the Party should be grateful to Garaudy. Without him their congress would probably have passed unnoticed; as it was, the whole of the French press devoted a large amount of space to the "Garaudy affair."

Who is Garaudy and what is his unforgivable sin? Roger Garaudy, 57, professor of philosophy, director of

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the center of Marxist studies and research and, until now, member of the Politburo and Central Committee of the French Communist Party, has long been the *enfant terrible* of the Party. Born of working-class parents, he was successful at his studies and discovered faith in "transcendence" through reading Kierkegaard and Karl Barth. At the same time he discovered Communism in his milieu and tried to reconcile the two: "On Sunday morning," recounts Garaudy, "I used to sell the Party newspaper before going to the Evangelical Circle." But he soon realized that "the Christian vision of the world cut me off from my own people, the workers."

Although he professes now to being an atheist or, more properly, a humanist—"because," says Garaudy, "Marx disliked the term *atheism* as being too negative and preferred the more positive notion of *humanism*," —Garaudy is at the forefront of the Christian/Marxist dialogue, in spite of the Party's disapproval. Indeed, he is a formidable debating partner and knows the Bible, theology and the decrees of Vatican II probably better than most Christians.

Although his Christian interests sometimes add fuel to the resentment of his orthodox comrades, what really provoked the showdown was the publication of an important book by Garaudy, just before the congress, entitled *Le Grand Tournant du Socialisme (Socialism's Major Turning Point).*

Apart from such heretical suggestions as the one, for instance, which says that "the Communist Party should not, in theory, be idealistic or materialistic, religious or atheistic"—enough to set the calmest Communist's teeth on edge—the two main theses expounded by Garaudy came under constant and heavy fire at the congress.

First, Garaudy argues that the traditional concept of the "working class" should be replaced by a new category, which he calls a "new historical bloc," an expression coined by the Italian Marxist philosopher Gramsci. The reason is simple; as a class, the workers are dwindling—in France, as in most industrialized Western countries—and Garaudy suggests the union of these "workers," i.e. people engaged in exclusively manual work, with the new technological and scientific classes that are rapidly emerging: engineers, chemists, technicians, even students and "intellectuals," all of whom the old communist analysis regarded as belonging to the *bourgeoisie.*

On the contrary, says Garaudy, they are, strictly speaking "workers" since the product of their work, even if it is not tangible, is stolen by the exploiting capitalist bosses in the same way as the factory-worker's physical product. And this new, dynamic, young class often ranges itself among the exploited and harbors the greatest number of revolutionaries.

Garaudy explains that it was the ideas of Galbraith and Marcuse "that made me realize that the new scientific and technological revolution would render the traditional data obsolete. If, 20 years ago, it was more profitable in the firm, according to Taylor, and in the State, according to Stalin, to centralize all the controls, today what is needed is to multiply personal initiatives. Especially since science is becoming a direct productive force and the social classes which are developing the most rapidly are those of the new intellectual workers, namely engineers, technicians and the managerial class. Defined as 'manual workers,' the working class is no longer in the majority, but, on the other hand, united to these new classes it can form a new historical bloc."

In the light of these new ideas, the question "what is a worker?" was hotly discussed at the Party Congress, and Garaudy's dangerously new idea was rejected out of hand. Georges Marchais, the likely next-secretary of the French Party, stated flatly that "contrary to certain suggestions, the numbers of the working class continue to increase. They represent 44.5 percent of the active population, as opposed to 40.3 percent in 1954." In actual fact, a recent survey carried out by the French Institute of Statistics, reveals that in six years the salaried classes have increased four times as fast as the workers, and that the workers represent 38.8 percent of the active population, as opposed to 36.5 percent salaried.

How did Georges Marchais arrive at his figures? To the traditional working class, as defined classically—factory workers, miners, laborers and farm workers—he simply added, according to his own logic, certain manual technicians, industrial designers, people employed in public transport, communications and wholesale commerce. This was a neat way of "dialectically" sidestepping the unwholesome statistical truth without having to accept Garaudy's new historical bloc.

The second theme in Garaudy's book, even more unpalatable to the hardliners, is the need to evolve a new French-style socialism and to stop obeying Moscow blindly in imitating the sort of Communism which suited illiterate Russian peasants in 1917 with only a minute working class.

To drive home his point, Garaudy strongly criticized Russia's armed intervention in Czechoslovakia and the

NEXT WEEK

GERARD S. SLOYAN asks and answers the question, "What of the Liturgy?" as changes in the Mass go into effect.

"The new rite prays as if modern believers had the mysteries of faith already available to them in their biblical expression, which is anything but the case. Genocide, repressive dictatorships of the right and the left, overpopulation and undernourishment, the hate of brother for brother, and feats of material and spiritual progress never before achieved are part of man's recent past. Yet none of this can be discerned from the rite."

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fact that Russia supplied power stations to the Greek fascist colonels, and Polish coal to Spain while the Asturian miners, many of them Communists, were on strike.

When he cited these last two examples at the Party Congress, he was booed. In reply he said, "I am not anti-Sovietic—except when the Russians are anti-socialist." And he finished his speech thus: "Even if you dispose of some of us, the methods of the Communist Party will be changed, for the same problems will present themselves in the future."

As for the "some of us," he was no doubt thinking of the numerous European Communist intellectuals who have recently had to choose between autocraticism and excommunication. Those who chose the latter include Adam Schaff in Warsaw, Karel Kocic in Prague and Ernest Fischer in Vienna, all philosophers.

In spite of his excommunication, Garaudy refuses to renounce his church. He intends to remain an active Party member and continues to state proudly, "the Party still symbolizes for me the best there is in France. To belong to the Party is my whole life."

Any hope for the reform of the Communist Party—as is true for the Christian Church—must come from within. And it will come from such men as Roger Garaudy who remain steadfastly loyal to their faith and to their conscience. Such a combination is rare. ALAIN WOODROW

(*Alain Woodrow, a previous contributor, is on the staff of* Informations Catholiques Internationales.)

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THE VIEW FROM HOLLAND

'PONTIFICATE OF LOST OPPORTUNITIES'

The Netherlands

If the cumulative events which filled the short dark month of February 1970 have resulted in a new, perhaps final estrangement among Dutch Catholics in their relation to the central authority, Rome should not be astonished. Although these events are widely known, it seems of some importance to list them here once more in the context of typical reactions they provoked in the Netherlands and in Western Europe in general.

Immediately after the momentous decision of the Dutch Pastoral Council in January, a series of counter-attacks began with Cardinal Daniélou's article in *La Croix* which the *Osservatore Romano* was quick to reprint. In the Dutch Catholic press Jean Daniélou S.J., apparently elevated to assume the role of Tory Whip, was immediately denounced as being a deliberately insulting and libelous spokesman of the right-wing of the Curia. The papers laconically reported a few weeks later Daniélou's inexplicable, near-comical claim that he had been misinterpreted and that his article had not in the least been intended to accuse the Dutch bishops of undermining papal authority. On the contrary the Cardinal declared, he loved and admired the Dutch bishops and his attack had been directed at the Paris daily *Le Figaro*.

Daniélou's article was followed by the Pope's first "ex-fenestra" pronouncement to be declared "ex cathedra," albeit by Vatican spokesman Fausto Vallainc. Then came Paul VI's letter to Cardinal Villot holding out the possibility of ordination of married men, written (by Villot himself, it is rumored) before the Pope spoke from his window, but released immediately following it. This letter gave the Catholic press here a spark of hope for continued dialogue. But this hope was dashed completely when Rome made it clear that Alfrink's proposed trip to Rome was considered inopportune. When these moves were followed by the yearly loyalty oath for priests, announced by what is here called the "Un-Roman Affairs Committee," Holland, but not Holland alone, suffered a severe epidemic of disenchantment.

Rome, it was seen, was as completely intransigent in the matter of optional celibacy as it had been in that of birth control. Dialogue was to remain a dialogue between the deaf, that much was clear in February 1970.

Meanwhile, "in the world," before this black month ended, 1500 German priests in an open letter to the Dutch Episcopate urged it to please continue its efforts, while condemning their own bishops for their lack of solidarity with their Dutch colleagues and warning them that "they will not succeed in blocking renewal and liberation in their church, however much they ignore the convictions, warnings and suggestions of numberless theologians and other Christians."

French theologian Jean-Marie Paupert in a sharp article in *Le Monde* blamed Vatican policy for the accelerated process of decomposition in the French church, where, apart from a small group of right-wight Catholics, the committed faithful in ever-growing numbers refuse to be bothered any longer by questions of authority, while even greater numbers drop out completely as all promises of renewal seem doomed in advance by the mandarins. More than lassitude and hopelessness, more than skepticism, one feels something close to hatred to have crept into many conversations—which is more frightening as a symptom of decay in the relationships than all the talk about the possibility of schism.

As seen by the highly respected Dutch Protestant daily *Trouw*—warmly sympathetic to the Dutch Catholic church—the crux of the conflict between Utrecht and Rome is the Vatican's inability to adapt at all to the new

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freedom, pluralism and openness now prevailing in the church everywhere. Organizations like the German *Priestergruppen*, in ever closer contact with similar groups of priests and laymen all over the world, are giving the term "World Church" an entirely new connotation to which the hierarchy can only close its ears until the pastoral councils, which public opinion forces on them in Germany as well as in America, will make silent manipulation of the People of God far more difficult. This much the Dutch Council has already proved. A Vatican which persists in confronting all convictions developed in this openness, justifying all its blunders with impotent divine and Caesarian pretensions has become pathetically anachronistic, much less feared than despised.

"Recent events show," concludes *Trouw*, "how the contact of Paul VI with his bishops is much less characteristic of religious dialogue than of diplomatic jousting. The way in which the efforts of the Dutch bishops to act in consultation with their faithful was ignored by Rome, the Nuncio's pointed absence from the Council and all the events that followed, remind one of cold war tactics between states. The Pope's letter to his Secretary of State (how ominous this title begins to sound!) instead of seeking direct contact with his very brother bishops in Holland to whom he had offered his help (letter of December 24) was a diplomatic maneuver typifying the purely diplomatic relationship between an immobile Pope and a mobile church. As long as the Pope insists on deriving a position of exceptional power from the Apostolic succession, all dialogue remains pure pretense and the pastoral efforts of the Dutch bishops are doomed to remain frustrated."

Even in the conservative Catholic daily *De Tijd* the most moderate Professor Hans Goddijn of the University of Leiden compares today's situation with the Nazi period "when the majority of the Roman Curia concluded agreements with Hitler, Mussolini, Franco and Salazar justifying these as *'realpolitik.'* Our cardinal De Jong, however, following his conscience, kept the Dutch church free from the taints which your French church, dear Cardinal Daniélou, dirtied itself with. Let the People of God in Holland and elsewhere learn from Cardinal Alfrink's sincere and courageous service to the Gospel, to his priests and to his faithful, that we were not freed in Christ in order to be enslaved by Curia and nunciature."

These are but a few samples of the prevailing mood. People simply feel deceived and conclude that when Paul VI reserved birth control and celibacy to his personal decision and attached the Nota Previa to the Constitution on the Church as Vatican II ended, he had indeed deliberately ended Vatican II in every sense of the word. Henceforth, as they see it, collegiality and subsidiarity remained academic topics, rhetorical devices, which were systematically denied even a semblance of life in practice. All the problems of real importance to the church's renewal had effectively been declared taboo as challenges to papal authority and all relevant discussion had been made into *lèse majesté*. By strengthening the conservative forces around him, by increasingly stressing his primacy, by counter-acting collegiality and subsidiarity in practice, the papacy has now succeeded in becoming incommunicado and dashing all hopes for constructive renewal during the present pontificate at the very least.

Jan Van Kilsdonk, S.J., pastor of Amsterdam's turbulent Student Parish sums up the general climate here: "Of course we all realize that the celibacy issue is not the most important problem for the church. Still, here we must refuse all compromise in order to make survival, if not renewal of the church as church, possible. As long as the hurdles of institutional reform are not taken, we cannot get down to our real task: to speak credibly in contemporary terms about God, about the mysteries of human life. If the Pope feels he can transform all important issues into taboos, if he feels free to transsubstantiate disciplinary rules into articles of faith and feels his primacy challenged by any signs of subsidiarity or rational discourse, that is not our fault. It is not our fault that the great promise of Vatican II in this barbaric age has already turned to ashes in our mouth. This is the pontificate of botched opportunities. Given the chance to contribute to a desperately needed contemporary spirituality it gave us ruminations on the Credo. When the questions of birth control and celibacy offered the Pope a priceless opportunity for true leadership in proclaiming the human nature of human sexuality in the face of erotic disorientation and commercialism, he only had the stones of *Humanae Vitae* and *Sacerdotalis Caelibatus* to offer. His every utterance is negative: he forbids, warns, refuses, rejects, condemns."

"Maybe," I said, "one day we'll have a Pope less obsessed by formalism and by delaying the Second Fall of the Roman Empire, a Pope who can talk sense about *Humanae Vitae*, human life."

"It will be too late," answered Van Kilsdonk. "Even Popes cannot prevent the winds of change from entering the window by blocking it while expressing their frustration to the random tourists in the square below. A Pope who feels it his duty to decide all crucial issues *a priori* instead of being able to listen and to be the final arbiter *a posteriori*, is not the *Primus inter Fratres* whose primacy is acceptable. We do not believe that Papa Montini has a private interspatial telephone."

During a recent TV panel Van Kilsdonk said in a similar vein: "We must dare to speak seriously and realistically to Rome, for there is no Father who is holy and beyond critique but the One in Heaven." That is the mood here.

FREDERICK FRANCK

(Frederick Franck, a frequent contributor, is the author of The Exploding Church *and* Outsider at the Vatican.)

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SOUTH AFRICAN THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

A hard look at hard currency

HENRY S. REUSS

The United States Treasury apparently just can't stand prosperity. No sooner had the world monetary system won the war by South Africa to force the free market price of gold dangerously out of sight than the Treasury, last December 30, concluded an agreement with South Africa and the International Monetary Fund whereby the IMF—and ultimately the United States—will support the price of South African gold by buying it at $35 an ounce whenever the price dips below that figure in the free market.

To understand the meaning of the year-end gold agreement, let us look at the history of gold and the dollar in the last 25 years. Under the 1945 Bretton Woods Charter on which the international monetary system is based, the United States agreed to sell gold to official foreign monetary authorities for $35 an ounce. The U.S. gold reserve was then some $20 billion, and foreign dollar claims against it were only $7 billion. Thus it looked as if the United States could support this vestige of the gold standard without embarrassment to itself.

But for the last 20 years the United States has been losing gold and accumulating short-term debts it owes foreigners. Today our gold stock is $11.9 billion, and the dollar claims outstanding in foreign hands are $42.6 billion. This four-to-one bookkeeping "insolvency" exposes us to pressures which caused us seriously to retard economic growth in the first half of the 1960's and to impose undesirable controls on American investment and aid in more recent years.

Countries like France have a long history of using financial power for political purposes. France withdrew funds from Austria in 1931 to pressure Austria into avoiding union with Germany—a move that led to the collapse of the Credit-Anstalt bank in Vienna, which in turn led to a collapse of the international monetary system and in part to the rise of Hitler.

More recently, in the mid-1960's, France embarked upon a campaign to harass the dollar. If the United States were forced to give up her gold for French-held dollars, the French authorities reasoned, a panic could well be started which could induce the United States to bolster her flagging reserve position by doubling the price of gold. Thus the French gold speculators would be rewarded in their speculation.

France's efforts to have the price of gold doubled were vigorously joined in by the largest gold producer, South Africa, which today produces three-fourths of the world's newly mined gold. The Soviet Union, the other large gold producer, sat by, hoping that the effort to raise the price of gold would succeed.

These efforts to torpedo the dollar came to a climax in the winter of 1967-1968. The time was propitious, because international financial markets were unsettled by the devaluation of the pound sterling in November, 1967, and by the disastrous fourth-quarter United States balance of payments deficit. The United States, the United Kingdom, and other members of the "gold pool" poured gold into the London market, trying to prevent the speculators from raising the price to well above $35. The fear was that if the free market price of gold went to around $50 an ounce, central bankers would sell their gold in this market for a profit, replace it from the United States at $35 an ounce by presenting their dollars, and then repeat the process until the United States was forced to raise the price of gold. The gold pool poured some $3

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billion of gold into the London market within a few weeks. But the price of gold continued to go up, and a catastrophe loomed ahead.

But then, in the nick of time, the seven gold pool countries framed the March 17, 1968, Washington two-tier gold agreement. Professor Richard Cooper of Yale, adviser to both the Johnson and Nixon Administrations, describes that agreement: "To prevent further losses, in March 1968 the pool took the far-reaching step of allowing the market price of gold to go free. The intent of this action was to divide gold into two commodities, one for monetary purposes and one for private uses. All new gold was to be directed to private uses; central banks agreed neither to sell nor to buy gold outside the monetary system. It was as if all monetary gold on March 17 were painted indelibly blue, with the claim that no new gold would be so painted in the future. This blue gold could transfer among central banks in settlement of international debts at a value of $35 an ounce. Metallic gold could sell in the market like any other non-ferrous metal, the price reflecting a balance between supply and demand for private uses. This division of markets was to be policed by the refusal of the U.S. Treasury, the only government committed to buy and sell gold for its currency, to deal in gold with those central banks that traded in gold with the private sector."

Within a few weeks the United States had obtained the adherence to the two-tier gold agreement of more than 80 countries—everybody important but France and South Africa. South Africa for more than a year—until mid-1969—tried to break the agreement by playing the old monopolist game of withholding its product from the market. The free market price of gold accordingly shot above $40 an ounce.

South Africa needs to sell practically all her annual gold production—around $1 billion—in order to overcome her normal balance of payments deficit, also about $1 billion. By keeping her gold off the market, she was able to force the price up, in the hope that central banks would depart from the two-tier agreement and once again threaten the United States with the necessity of doubling the price of gold, or else. But to South Africa's disappointment, the central banks (with one unimportant exception, Portugal) held firm and refused to buy. Thus South Africa, desperate for foreign exchange, was forced to sell gold on the free market in the second half of 1969. The price of gold promptly declined, ending up below $35 an ounce.

You would have thought that the United States Treasury would be rejoicing that the war had been won. There were problems, but they could have been easily handled.

The first problem was that some central bankers were understandably queasy at the prospect of their cherished gold reserves declining in value below $35 an ounce. Their citizens might well question the wisdom of their money managers, who put so much of the nation's reserves into such a fragile commodity as gold. These legitimate fears of central bankers could well have been stilled had the U.S. taken the lead in asking the IMF to guarantee the $35 an ounce value of all legitimate monetary gold.

A second concern was that the world's central bankers might begin to welsh on the March, 1968, two-tier agreement, and openly or clandestinely buy and sell gold in the private market in order to make a quick profit. The House-Senate Subcommittee on International Exchange and Payments pointed out that the Treasury had a splendid weapon for dissuading foreign central banks who might be tempted to violate the March, 1968, agreement. As the Subcommittee recommended: "The Secretary of the Treasury could condition his purchase of gold from a foreign monetary authority on the latter's assurance that it had not obtained 'bootleg' gold, whether newly mined or hoarded, from the private market. This Treasury 'condition' would be intended to, and in all likelihood would in fact, discourage foreign official purchases of 'bootleg' gold because of the knowledge that to do so would cause the withdrawal of any U.S.-financed floor."

The Subcommittee went on to warn that "the U.S. Treasury should under no foreseeable circumstances agree to support—either directly, through the IMF, or by sanctioning the purchases of other industrial countries—the free market price of gold."

Recommendation Ignored

The Treasury chose to ignore the Subcommittee's recommendation—as of course it has a legal right to do. On December 30, 1969, with Congress safely out of session, the Treasury entered into the agreement with South Africa. Under that agreement, South Africa will sell its current gold output in the private gold markets when the price is above $35 an ounce (an agreement of doubtful value, since South Africa had just established that it, for all practical purposes, has to do this in any event in order to avoid a balance of payments crisis for South Africa). When the price is below $35 an ounce, South Africa will be able to sell the IMF whatever amounts of gold are needed in order to pay for South Africa's trade and investment. The IMF would immediately unload its gold to its members. As the only country in the world committed to buy gold at a fixed price, the United States thus undertook an open-ended commitment to act as a purchaser of last resort for any South African gold entering the international monetary system. The agreement concluded, South Africa Finance Minister Nicolaas Diederichs went home to Pretoria, to well-deserved applause.

What is puzzling is that the United States Treasury also apparently expected applause for its agreement. The official Treasury justification for the agreement was that it was "essential to the preservation of the two-tier 1968

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agreement." But the 1968 agreement, as Professor Cooper has described it, was to retain existing monetary gold in the system, but not to add to it. Every ounce of South African gold added to official monetary reserves weakens the two-tier agreement. Already the IMF has been purchasing South African gold under the December 30, 1969, agreement, since the free market price has remained below the $35 an ounce level.

Americans were shocked to hear some months ago an American major describe the leveling of a South Vietnamese village: "In order to save it, we had to destroy it." Apparently this reasoning appeals to the Treasury: in order to save the two-tier agreement not to introduce new gold into the system, we have to introduce new gold into the system!

The December 30, 1969, agreement is unwise for at lease four reasons:

1. It gives speculators against the dollar a new lease on life. South Africa is given a direct never-below-$35 guarantee. Private speculators, and the Soviet Union, will get the spin-off encouragement that the South African agreement will tend to produce some floor on the free price of gold higher than otherwise would be the case. It thus improves their speculative abilities.

2. January, 1970, saw the distribution of $3.5 billion in paper gold—Special Drawing Rights—by the IMF to its members. This constructive new arrangement is designed to produce an orderly and controlled influx of new reserves into the system, one that will avoid both inflation and deflation. What becomes of the orderly SDR arrangement now that SDR's will be supplemented by uncontrollable amounts of new South African gold coming into the system?

3. The December 30, 1969, agreement rubbed salt in the wounds of the less developed countries. They were understandably distressed because two-thirds of the new SDR's—manna from heaven, in that they do not require the transfer of real resources from the countries receiving them—went to the wealthy developed countries. Stung by the deterioration in the export prices of their basic commodities, such as coffee, cocoa and tin, they succeeded in the September, 1967, Rio meeting of the IMF in getting a resolution adopted dealing with "the decisive importance of the stabilization of prices of primary products at a remunerative level for the economic advancement of the developing countries."

The IMF's first move on "stabilization of primary products" is the December 30, 1969, agreement to stabilize the price of the primary product, gold, of South Africa. That wealthy South Africa is a nation which pursues apartheid as a means of maintaining the control of a white minority over an increasingly persecuted and revolutionary black majority does not make the discrimination any easier to bear.

4. From the standpoint of the United States citizen, the December 30, 1969, agreement exposes us to losing real resources—goods and services that Americans produce by the sweat of their brows—in order to buy gold needed not for legitimate monetary reserve purposes, but to please South Africa. More, this South African gold will be paid for not by the ordinary method of asking for a congressional authorization and appropriation of the necessary millions or billions, but by simply printing the dollars that are used to make the sale. As University of Chicago Professor Milton Friedman has said: "The Treasury is authorized to create money to pay for gold it buys, so that expenditures for the purchase of gold do not appear in the budget and the sums required need not be explicitly appropriated by Congress . . ."

All told, the Treasury's December 30, 1969 agreement is a large step backward. The Congress is unhappy about it. Quite a few citizens and taxpayers, when they study the agreement, will be unhappy about it too.

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AUGUSTINE DENIS TOWEY, C.M.

NIGHT WALK

It goes somewhere in a narrow music
of much pause and interval;
the notes' breaths have it,
cough and sigh,
cough and sigh;
so small the melody (at most four notes)
but intricate,
a filigree;
and hearing it behind a door,
you'd think a child were playing;
not Czerny, but
four fingers of its hand
at random;
the start and stop
so vacant,
all repose;
except the strike is sure,
the interval is clearer.

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

SR. ELEANOR FITZGIBBONS

APRIL HOMILY

Do not mistake
silence for silence.
Listen
and you may hear
the opening of
daffodil.

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TRUST FOR BLACK CATHOLICS?

'Nowhere to run and nowhere to hide'

RICHARD RASHKE

The Catholic community tends to look at the Black Theology Movement with aesthetic distance. A knowing, patient smile plays at the corner of its mouth as it watches this latest black fad develop. If Catholics are concerned about the impact of Black Theology, they hide their irritation under a light sigh of "so what's next?"

Of course Jesus is not black, and no historical manipulation of an Albert Cleage will make Him black. Neither are Black Theology and Black Power the heart of the Gospel message, in spite of the eloquent conviction of James Cone. In fact, Black Theology and Black Separatism are only lame excuses to condone the violent change of social structure. To say that the basic message of Jesus and Christianity is "freedom," and then to relate freedom to the black community, is a prejudicial attempt to isolate one theme from the context of the New Testament. Indeed, Black Theology is but another ill-conceived attempt to use religion to sell Black Separatism and Black Militancy. Could it be anything else?

Joseph Washington's reflective analysis of Black Religion, which emphasizes certain Christian themes distinctive to the black situation, as well as the special quality of black Christian worship, and the uniqueness of the black approach to theology, appears to the Catholic as a studied exaggeration of someone who has finally reached the point of adolescent self-awareness.

Furthermore, Cleage, Cone, and Washington are Protestants. That leaves Catholics in the enviable position of quietly observing the Protestant community as it reconciles its own differences between white and black Christians, convinced that, thank God, this is a problem that the Catholic Church need not face.

There is a ripple, however, in the sea of white Catholic complacency—the Black Catholic Clergy Caucus. Its voice is loud, articulate and angry. It does not pretend to speak for all black Catholics, nor for all black Catholic priests. It does not beg, it demands; it does not promise, it threatens. And so far, it has been about as irritating as a buzzing mosquito.

Although the Black Catholic Clergy Caucus first met in Detroit in April 1968, to discuss the role of black, ordained members in the church, its deliberations quickly broadened into other areas of vital concern. The statement which was drafted at the close of the April meeting dramatizes the frustration, disappointment, and anger of the Caucus. The Statement is pointed and startling in its nakedness: the church is primarily a white racist society; it addresses itself to white society; it is part of the power structure of white society; it has failed in its duty to promote institutional, attitudinal and societal change; it must desist from speaking for any group of black people; it must effectively recognize that black leadership is necessary on all levels; it is a dying institution in the black community.

In even more shocking clarity, the Caucus declared that non-violence is dead and that responsible positive militancy against racism is the only Christian attitude. The nine demands attached to the Statement basically ask for more participation for blacks and more authority for blacks in black Catholic communities and black Catholic affairs, both social and religious.

Brother Joseph M. Davis, vice-chairman of the Caucus, gives his impression of white reaction to the Statement in one of his recent articles for the *Homiletic and Pastoral Review:*

> The response was a profound and total silence. There was not even an acknowledgement of receipt of the Statement (from the National Catholic Conference of Bishops and the Conference of Major Superiors of Religious Orders of Men). The silence itself conveyed to the Caucus the attitude with which the church regarded its work. The Caucus and its Statement were viewed more as a curiosity than a serious endeavor of committed men with the grave concern for the future of Catholicism in the black community. The silence, along with the subsequent developments, surfaced the ironic and paradoxical fact that the hierarchy and superiors of missionary orders considered the concern and the efforts of the black clergy and religious, quite *ancillary* to their own program for the Social Apostolate. The Caucus was simply another "special interest" group.

Brother Davis states that the Caucus was angry at being ignored and it interpreted the episcopal silence, both as an "unwillingness of the Bishops to communicate," and "a manifestation of insincere intentions in confronting the racial crisis of our day." The Caucus condemned this silence as "irresponsible."

As a result of the second Caucus meeting in Novem-

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ber 1968, the National Conference of Catholic Bishops established a Liaison Committee to deal with the Caucus. In January 1969, the Caucus submitted the following demand to this Committee:

> The Black Catholic Clergy Caucus demands only one thing from the Bishops' Conference: that the Bishops' Conference underwrite and support financially the setting up and operation of a Secretariat for Black Catholicism, consisting of priests, brothers, religious women, and lay people, with authority to formulate programs for action in the Black community, to research valid forms of liturgy for Black Catholics, etc. The Secretariat and its personnel will be developed by Black Catholic organizations.

The Liaison Committee of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops proposed to discuss the demand with those religious superiors whose congregations will be expected to cooperate with this proposal. These discussions were held in Baltimore and in New Orleans in July 1969. And the American Bishops accepted and supported this demand for a Secretariat for Black Catholicism during their annual fall meeting in November in Washington, D. C.

A Time For Education

The point is simply this: The Catholic church has been squarely confronted by her own black members. There is nowhere to run and nowhere to hide. Silence is a poor excuse for honesty. For the Catholic church, this is no time to panic, to give in to the urge to answer with censure and sanction, or to hide behind screams of "unfair," "distortion," "half-truth." This is a time for soul-searching and self-education. Perhaps the Black Catholic Clergy Caucus is indeed playing the role of the "conscience of Israel," and the Catholic response cannot be to smother yet another angry and threatening voice that might help the church to purge herself of some of her sinfulness.

To be called a "white racist institution" is to receive a blow that carries the whole awesome weight of the Gospels. Perhaps the church is not ready to utter a "mea culpa" and to ask why she is a white racist institution; but she can begin the self-education process by seriously asking: why does she create the impression that she is white racist?

The statements and demands of the Caucus confront the Catholic church with a serious list of "maybes": maybe she *has* failed in promoting institutional, attitudinal and societal change; maybe she *has* been paternalistic and condescending to her black priests, religious and lay people; maybe her structures *are* white and her theology both un-universal and un-Catholic; perhaps she *has* treated blacks as second-class Catholics; perhaps her resources *have* been directed to make whites feel comfortable and secure within the fold of the church; could it not be possible that black leadership *is* the only thing that can save the church in the black community? A refusal to sincerely examine these questions is more than an insult to the black community; it is a refusal to grow as a church because it is a refusal to painfully search out the truth which brings health, growth, and life.

Whites can rightly smart and feel hurt when they face a list of demands instead of polite requests; but blacks can just as easily sulk and be driven to the point of anger when needs and injustices do not receive attention unless they are accompanied by formal requests, petitions and demands. It is quite possible that black Catholics have been asking for a long time, but white ears have not been listening.

Be that as it may, when Catholics examine the demands of the Caucus, they tend to think of the worst. If black Catholics establish a Secretariat for Black Catholicism, what assurance does the church have that the Secretariat will not be the first irreversible step toward a separatist movement? If the church gives black Catholics more than token leadership, authority, and jurisdiction, what assurance does she have that this confidence will not be abused? If the church allows black Catholics to experiment with the liturgy in order to develop forms of worship that are more representative of black culture, black heritage, and black thought, what assurance will she have that black Catholics will be reasonable in their adaptations? And if the church allows blacks to have control over programs in black communities, personnel who work in black communities, finances designated for black communities, education in and for black communities, what assurance does she have that *white rights* will be respected?

White Catholics would like to have assurance that the demands of the Caucus are unanimously accepted by the black Catholic community; they would like a say in how the office is to be established; they would like to see white interests protected; they would like programs spelled out in detail and submitted through proper white channels for proper white approval. In a word, white Catholics would like to be assured of at least some *white control.*

There is such a virtue as trust. For years white Catholics have expected black Catholics to trust white Bishops, white pastors, white schools and white promises. Now they are being asked to trust the black clergy that they have educated and ordained, the black religious men and women whom they have guided through years of formation, and the black Catholic lay people whom they have educated. Why are so many whites jealous of their au-

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thority and control? For too long white Catholics have enjoyed the luxury of making mistakes in the black community. Why are they afraid to allow black Catholics the same privilege? What a terrible indictment if white Catholics fail to communicate a sense of honest trust and confidence in black Catholics because of ignorance, suspicion and fear.

The Caucus advised the Bishops that they intend "to work with black people, with or without the sanction of the church." In their November meeting the Bishops granted this sanction in the name of the American church. The important question which the future alone can answer is: has the church conceded to a demand out of fear and embarrassment or has she given a share of responsibility to blacks out of trust and confidence? To have begrudgingly acceded to a Black Catholic demand would hardly be an honest reflection of the Gospel message. Or maybe it would—of the white Gospel.

OLD BLOOD AND GUTS

THE SCREEN

Given the proliferation these days of movie ads blazoning words like "Shocking!" and "Outrageous!" a day may come when we'll see ads with words like "Innocuous!" or "Inoffensive!" in bold black type. In any case the only really surprising thing about *Patton* (20th Century Fox) is just how inoffensive it is. According to a recent *Variety:* "Pic is being hailed as one of the great anti-war epics by many ultra-liberals while simultaneously garnering hosannas from such conservative spokesmen as the New York *Daily News* editorial board and members of the American Legion. Producer Frank McCarthy . . . is now happily having his cake and eating it too." If you can't hate a movie that pulls *that* trick off, it's hard to believe that you'll ever hate at the movies again. And yet *Patton's* effect is merely numbing. I thought the experience was going to be different at the beginning when a rousing, ravening, super-patriotic speech from George C. Scott as Patton provoked the capacity audience I saw it with to applause—particularly for a reference to "yellow bellies" afraid of a fight (not many "ultra-liberals" hailing it that night). As this speech went on the camera commented ironically by giving us huge closeups of Patton's pearl-handled revolvers, his banana republic uniform, his explosion of gaudy chest medals. But whatever the camera was up to, it was clearly the nastiness and the nuttiness of the man that a good part of that audience was ready to endorse and enjoy. But the film soon undercut that response—as finally, I think, it does all others.

Despite what the *Variety* story suggests, the movie itself conveys almost no sense of calculation and opportunism. There is no sign of an attempt, as it goes its stately wide-screen way, to flatter or ingratiate its audience. In fact the whole enterprise has an odd kind of empty-headed dignity—"an entry with class," as *Variety* might say. And in some of its negative choices, there are signs of even a kind of intelligence and taste. Its approach to Patton is rigorously non-psychological—and results in one of the few films I've seen that offers to take the fact of a public life with entire seriousness, making no attempt to undercut that seriousness by private exposures or by intimate details and "humanizing" touches.

But finally the trouble is that all the significant choices seem negative. Not only do we not see Patton in his bedroom or his children's playroom, we don't even in some sense see him in the Army, if we think of that body as composed of anyone besides himself and General Bradley (Karl Malden)—the character whose sympathy, tolerance, and suspension of final judgment embody the spirit of the film itself. Otherwise Scott is surrounded throughout by players who seem to have been instructed *not* to react to him, at least not in any leading or pointed way. A case in point is the character of Patton's aide (Paul Stevens). It's true the screenplay avoids all the stock characterizations that the history of movies suggests for this figure—the irreverent irrepressible sidekick, the prissy conservative comically scandalized by his superior's recklessness, and so on—but in place of the stereotypes there is just a blank —another impassive, obscurely uncomfortable face in the pageant. This same impassivity marks even such "surefire" episodes as the one in which Patton slaps a soldier in hospital for battle fatigue—it's all convincingly and energetically done but with a really curious lack of force or interest. We are aware that we have witnessed some kind of outrage—like the people we see on the screen, who certainly look taken aback—but we've no clear idea what kind. It is this same general and diffuse sense of outrage that we are invited to have about nearly all of Patton's behavior—but it's not enough. And neither are the handsomely staged battle scenes, which suffer finally from a similar pointlessness.

A clue to the forcelessness of the film, I think, is that it really is anti-war, insofar as it can suggest any feelings at all. For one thing at least, there is no b.s. this time about the commander who suffers more than the men he sends to their deaths. (Lyndon Johnson's theatrics in the White House may well have ruined a whole genre of war film.) Unwilling to attack or defend Patton, who so zestfully built a career on such deaths, the movie attempts to fill in the resulting blank by a series of rather non-committal "ideas" about the man—which are either unrealized (for example, that he was an actor who got lost in his role)—or uninteresting—the closest thing to a controlling idea in the film is that Patton was a sad anachronism, a personal warrior in a time of technology and impersonal warfare. This idea should seem rather stale to anyone who's attended a Western in the last 15 years,

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Commonweal Continuation Fund, II

When over 2,500 of a journal-of-opinion's subscribers respond to a letter of appeal to meet a severe financial crisis—even if it is the first such crisis in 20 years—that is a very promising sign. A letter of this sort does indeed provide an opportunity for those who want to tell the magazine off. But their complaints have been greatly outnumbered by the many heartening messages supporting *Commonweal's* determination to carry on.

Since the second and final letter of the Continuation Fund campaign went out to subscribers, February 24, the drive has drawn closer to its goal. By March 9, contributions and pledges amounted to $27,032, leaving $18,968 to go to reach the $46,000 needed to assure continued publication. At this stage, the hope is that the response from other readers will be sufficient to close the gap that remains.

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and it was never much to begin with—good at best for a little pathos. But here it hardly dares aspire even to that, given the backdrop of suffering and misery that the film so conscientiously keeps in mind. Given as well many of the man's personal qualities—his vanity and brutality, his love of war and violence, even a suggestion that he may have sacrificed lives for headlines—these things too the film conscientiously, even doggedly records.

It's some kind of irony that such a feeble and pallid film, so full of caution, restraint, and tact, should be made about such a man—a little like portraying a mine disaster in needle point. I understand that Brigadier General George S. Patton III once announced—in what seems to be the family style—that he would "shoot any son of a bitch who makes a movie about my father." And while I have some sympathy with him here (I'd certainly rather see him shooting up Hollywood than Vietnam, where he is, I think, now serving), I doubt if even that impulse could survive a viewing of this film.

JAMES HARVEY

DOWN AT MOM'S PLACE

THE STAGE

Even before the curtain opens on Neil Simon's "The Last of the Red Hot Lovers," the atmosphere in the theater is warm, *gemütlich*, plump and simmering with good will—the kind of audience theatrical entrepreneurs dream of. The stage manager appears briefly to announce a change in the cast, and the audience beams its pleasure, not because one actress will be playing in another's stead but because telling them of it was a decent and friendly thing for the man on stage to do. The audience applauds the banality of the set—the mild outburst augmenting the dying echoes of the previous one; and as that one begins to fade, Barney Cashman (James Coco) makes his entrance, and the sound of palms striking palms rises again, louder and happier. "Mom," he calls out into the empty apartment; he removes his rubbers, places them tidily on spread-out newspaper, and the answering laughter rolls toward him, wave on wave; and when he opens his attaché case to draw out the bottle of J&B and two sparkling glasses and then clocks himself in opening the convertible couch, the audience gurgles moistly. Everyone leans back in the cozy knowledge that this is going to be a happy time for all the family—expensive but worth every cent and more. It is the kind of evening that drives one to attend as much to the total theatrical context as to the action on stage.

This late in the day the action itself is known to everyone who attends to these things. The context is that of a

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"smash comedy hit." The *New York Times* has sanctioned it, and so have the other media reviewers, barring perhaps an inveterate highbrow or two; the publicity mill has done all the rest. As in a well-appointed comfort station, everything is there for your convenience. The action, we are told, takes place in an apartment on East 37th Street, but no one with eyes or memory is fooled. The furniture and furnishings are pure Grand Concourse of the neo-classical period; there is not a speck of dust anywhere only because no sensible speck of dust would dare settle there—not in Mom's apartment. The very idea that this is intended as the scene of Barney's seduction of a pick-up is preposterous. Not even the Primal Scene could have taken place here: sex is disorderly, a messy problem in housekeeping. The very curtains are a reproach to the lusts of the flesh, just as the layer upon layer of Coco's flesh send out the unmistakable message to the companionable audience that this man can't possibly mean what he pretends to mean. Charades of adultery will be sufficient unto this day.

Above all Neil Simon is ingratiating, as if the true end of art were to console and comfort. Barney Cashman mentions Sheepshead Bay as his place of origin, and the audience chuckles its recognition: old home week, a family reunion. Great Neck is mentioned, and the audience, many of whom have come from precisely there and thereabouts this evening, howl with delight—the line of their own mobility has been plotted, from Brooklyn to Long Island; they've made it into the mainstream of American drama. Of course everyone knows from the reviews, which have the majesty of revealed truth in Great Neck, that nothing unsettling can possibly take place on this stage; but even if they had not known, they are immediately so informed. As in a Schrafft's Restaurant, you know it from the decor: you'll not eat well, but neither will you die of ptomaine poisoning. This middle-aged, fat clown whose face is capable of registering only a childish pleasure or a musical-comedy buffoon's despair and who talks the suburban platitudes of popular sociologese when he is not exclaiming "Oh my God"—this essentially nice Jewish boy, though he might churn himself up with wanton fantasies, would never, never, never at the sticking point do anything that would aggrieve his mother or hurt Thelma, his wife. Only a monster would hurt a wife named Thelma.

The women themselves—Barney's three illusions of waywardness—present diminishing sexual possibilities, from the readily available to the risibly absurd to the manifestly inconceivable. The first is a tough broad—the archetypal *shicksa*, as his mother would conceive that sisterhood; a brazen hussy who wants to cut the chatter and get down to business, which is what she's there for. She wants no tenderness, not even friendship, certainly not a feigned half-hour's "courtship." She doesn't want to "understand" or be "understood" or any of that nonsense. The hour is late: Mom comes home at 5:00. The lady wants a quick drink, a cigarette, and a fast toss on the convertible. But she won't get it; she won't even get a cigarette. *We* know what she's really there for. She's come not to lie down but to stand up and belt out all those one-liners Simon programmed for her, while Barney hovers at a safe distance feeding her openings. And this is what Great Neck digs—Berle, Benny, Hope, the stand-up comedian racing the clock, throwing off mechanically-timed gags, so that while you're still gasping another one hits you. My computer read one hit in about ten times out, which isn't bad for the course; and naturally I'm not counting those affecting moments when the lady's voice catches lacrymosely and we're given to understand that deep down below the cement there's a vulnerable heart.

The second girl is an out-and-out kook—a nutty, nonstop babbler who couldn't possibly shut up long enough to comply with anyone's designs upon her. Kid's a lot of laughs, though, especially when she intersperses through her cascading prattle allusions to kinky sex. That she is certifiably paranoiac only adds to her charm; and best of all is the fact that she's a pothead. After the requisite number of cackles, the curtain closes on the two of them, fully buttoned and stoned out of their heads. Another *shicksa* bested.

Number Three, however, is one of our own—a friend of the family, one of the crowd, bowed low by psychoanalysis (in Great Neck, where all cultural lags begin and end, still a sure-fire laugh, along with pot and irregular sex). This one is a lulu, almost as anaphrodisiac as Mom herself, a weeping wreck of a thing who walks in, fighting her progress every step of the way, announcing that, as heaven is her witness, she'd rather die than betray Thelma, her dearest, most admired friend. The loathsome idea had its origins not in desire, God forbid, not even in eight months of enforced chastity, but in her husband's eight-month betrayal of her with some red-headed tramp from Great Neck. They kick that around awhile, and part friends, as we knew they would, having come to "understand" each other more deeply in their travail. Mom's place remains unsullied. Barney will go back to Thelma as he came away from her: untainted by alien flesh.

And the audience will return to Great Neck untainted by the least encounter with human truth. Next morning, or at the most the one after, they will recall nothing but the vaguely pleasant after-image of an endearing fat man (all the more Jewish for being Italian) who thought he should escape for an afternoon and commit a single reckless act before he died. The audience is wholesomely reassured; that's what they paid their good money for, and the packaged goods were delivered as promised. Neil Simon is our most successful playwright. We have even been instructed recently that he is our best playwright, though that was seen not as a sign of crisis but as an occasion for celebration.

SAUL MALOFF

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BOOKS

An insider's history of Johnson's last and crucial decisions

The Limits of Intervention

TOWNSEND HOOPES

David McKay, $5.95

JAMES O'GARA

To most knowledgeable critics of LBJ's policies on Vietnam, White House adviser Walt Rostow was one of the prime villains—and with reason. But, says Townsend Hoopes, "Rostow was no deliberate villain; he was a fanatic in sheep's clothing." This is the kind of thinking and writing that makes *The Limits of Intervention* one of the year's best political books.

The Limits of Intervention is described as "an inside account of how the Johnson policy of escalation in Vietnam was reversed," and that is exactly what it is. It deals primarily with the six-month period culminating in President Johnson's decision of March 31, 1968 to reject the military's request for 206,000 additional troops for Vietnam, to initiate a partial bombing halt, to ask North Vietnam for negotiations, and to take himself out of the 1968 presidential race.

As a member of the Establishment, Townsend Hoopes was an ideal man to write such a book. He attended Andover and Yale, served as a Marine officer in World War II, assistant to the Chairman of the potent House Armed Services Committee, assistant to the Secretary of Defense, partner in a prestigious management consultant firm, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs, and finally Under Secretary of the Air Force. Gifted with a keen eye and an incisive mind, he has produced a spare yet meaty book which is indispensable reading for anyone who wants to discuss the Johnson Administration record on Vietnam.

Hoopes calls Vietnam the greatest American tragedy since the Civil War, and he is undoubtedly right. Present in his account of that tragedy are all the familiar cast of characters from an era which historians are sure to chew over for decades to come.

There was Lyndon Baines Johnson, "a man of little background and much uncertainty in foreign affairs." Lacking confidence in his own foreign policy judgments, he rarely had the nerve to overrule his foreign affairs advisers. Addicted to compulsive secrecy, Johnson was unhappily prone to gloss over unpleasant truths, and he was surrounded by men who told him only what he wanted to hear, while "many officials ostensibly near the center of U.S. national security affairs knew very little."

Prominent in the cast of characters, of course, was Dean Rusk, "the very embodiment of the embattled Cold Warrior," with firm convictions dating from the Stalinist period. "An intelligent man, he could not have been unaware of the trends that were fragmenting the 'Communist Bloc' and creating new problems of orientation within each Communist country. But he was careful not to allow these developments tc affect his basic judgments."

There was McGeorge Bundy, later to turn against the war, but in early days an ardent supporter of Vietnam on the basis of a beneficent, all-embracing American universalism which may be the most dangerous foreign policy posture of all. There was strategist and adviser-to-Presidents General Maxwell Taylor, "a consistent, entirely predictable advocate of unrelenting military pressure in Vietnam." There was Hoopses' immediate superior, the late John T. McNaughton, who moved from support of the war to flat opposition and who once told Hoopes after a White House visit: "We seem to be proceeding on the assumption that the way to eradicate Viet Cong is to destroy all the village structures, defoliate all the jungles, and then cover the entire surface of South Vietnam with asphalt."

And there was, always, Walt Rostow, "the closest thing we had near the top of the U.S. government to a genuine, all-wool, anti-Communist ideologue and true believer." If Rostow was no "deliberate villain," he could have fooled a lot of people. While he was President Johnson's principal foreign policy assistant, LBJ heard fewer and fewer dissenting voices on Vietnam, as Rostow's automatic filter kept out contrary views. Of Rostow, Hoopes says: "His insensitivity to the opinions of others was legendary."

There was poor old Hubert Humphry. He spoke against Vietnam early on, but "his views were received at the White House with particular coldness, and he was banished from the inner councils for some months thereafter, until he decided to 'get back on the team.'" Humphrey it was who became the favorite target for the left, but the one who should really give us pause, I am inclined to think, is Robert McNamara. Although McNamara started out hawkishly enough to pass even a Rostow-test, his enthusiasm for the war decreased sharply long before Johnson eased him out of the government. However, McNamara was a company man —his goal was to "manage" events and thus to avoid crisis for the president of the company, in this case LBJ. Ironically enough, after Johnson turned against his Secretary of Defense, the fact that McNamara's successor lacked this desire to paper over embarrassing cracks was what proved to be LBJ's political downfall.

With McNamara scheduled to leave Defense for the World Bank, he passed up a trip to Vietnam, sending in his place the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Earle G. Wheeler, who promptly cabled a flat request for 206,000 additional troops. If McNamara had gone, on the other hand, he would

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have "finessed" Westmoreland into settling for 50,000 immediately and asking for the rest by dribs and drabs later, with the result, predictably, that of the entire history of the war: no immediate crisis, just more of the same. But given the bomb cabled by Wheeler, the results were far different.

If Hoopes has a hero in his cast, it is Clark Clifford, McNamara's successor as Secretary of Defense. Hardly in his new chair when he was confronted with Wheeler's request for a 40 percent increase in troop strength in Vietnam, Clifford began asking hard questions—and getting equally hard answers, from Hoopes, John T. McNaughton, Paul Nitze, and others on the second level of the civilian hierarchy in the Pentagon. It was these hard answers that Clifford then carried to the White House, ignoring LBJ's annoyance and growing coldness.

Despite their growing opposition to the Vietnamese war, it had been the chance to make these hard answers that persuaded Hoopes and his fellow-dissenters not to submit the resignations they had ready on various occasions. Each time they held back, convinced that they could accomplish more inside the government than outside. Maybe they should have resigned, but anyone who would fault them for their decision must face the fact that in the end their persistence paid off; without their determination we would be even deeper in the morass than we now are.

The defection of Clifford was a major setback for Rostow & Co., but the crushing blow followed when one of LBJ's favorite hawks, Dean Acheson, told the President that the Joint Chiefs didn't know what they were talking about on Vietnam. Shaken, Johnson called a meeting of the Senior Advisory Group on Vietnam, a body of distinguished former diplomats, soldiers and public servants, only to hear most of them switch over and condemn the war. Shortly thereafter came LBJ's decision to put a brake on the fighting and step down.

Richard Nixon, now center-stage on the national scene, is only a walk-on in the epilogue of Townsend Hoopes' book, but *The Limits of Intervention* makes it clear that the choice confronting him is no different from that which faced LBJ. What was it that Johnson and his advisers would not or could not grasp? As Hoopes sees it, they failed completely to understand two facts: (1) that military victory was impossible in Vietnam within the limits of any price America was willing to pay, and (2) that at the same time our goal of guaranteeing the continued existence of the present South Vietnamese regime, or its carbon copy, was impossible without total military victory. We had to win or compromise, but we couldn't win and we were unwilling to compromise.

This is the dilemma Mr. Nixon faces. So far he is trying to persuade himself and the American people that South Vietnamese troops will soon be able to do by themselves what they were unable to accomplish with the aid of 500,000 American GI's—an infallible formula for further tragedy, surely. Like Mr. Johnson, then, what Mr. Nixon needs is men to raise tough questions and come up with hard answers. If we're lucky, there will be men like Townsend Hoopes in the Administration to do exactly that—and perhaps to write such a valuable account about it when all is over.

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REVIEWERS

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The Chicago Review Anthology of Concretism

ED. EUGENE WILDMAN

Swallow, $1.95 paper

An Anthology of Concrete Poetry

ED. EMMETT WILLIAMS

Something Else, $2.95 paper

Once Again

ED. JEAN-FRANCOIS BORY

New Directions, $1.50 paper

Concrete Poetry: A World View

ED. MARY ELLEN SOLT

Indiana Univ., $4.95 paper

RICHARD KOSTELANETZ

The phrase "concrete poetry" has been floating through literary talk for nearly a decade now; and within the past few years have appeared several anthologies, collectively to propagate the new faith. However, it is indicative, if nothing short of scandalous, that these books went generally unnoticed, even in the supposedly more serious reviewing press, which all too often follows the lead of the *New York Times Book Review* in covering what is fashionable or publicized (themselves complementary processes). The hard truths are that the established reviewing media are just not interested in anything considerably different from the "new" certified a decade (or more) ago, and that there really are not more than a handful of individual literary reviewers in America capable (or willing) to handle anything this different from what they learned in college, or mastered in their youth. More specifically, these books are the kind that most poetry critics, let alone poets, try *not* to understand, much as neo-Eliot poets were forever trying not to understand William Carlos Williams or Allen Ginsberg; and I have yet to see anywhere a review of "concrete" that displayed the comprehension and discrimination generally associated with mature criticism.

Although this new art has converted

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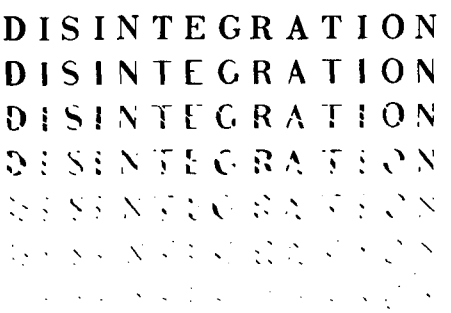
at least one hundred practitioners known to each other, as well as these four editors, it has scarcely matured to the point that its anthologists agree on common definitions; and those who might want to know what is and, more important, what isn't "concrete poetry" will be more confused than edified by these books. To Emmett Williams "concrete poetry, then, is what poets in this anthology make," and with that circular reasoning no one dare risk an extended debate. Jean-Francois Bory reserves his definition for page 79 of his anthology and then admits its tautology: "Concrete writing is real writing, only writing, writing itself." Uh, huh. Eugene Wildman, the only anthologist not to include his own work, evades any definition more explicit than this descriptive statement: "Concrete poetry aims, in general, at the ideogrammatic state. The poets pattern the letters of words in much the same way that a Japanese calligrapher patterns the strokes of a character." Mary Ellen Solt, in the most valuable definition, speaks of "a fundamental requirement which the various kinds of concrete poetry meet: the concentration upon the physical material from which the poem or text is made. . . . The essential is *reduced language*." And so on and so on.

The phrase is unquestionably more disquieting than ecumenical; and as Mary Ellen Solt reports, many poets working in this way (including myself) habitually deny they are "concretists." The term stems from culturally parochial origins—a meeting in 1956 between the Brazilian poet Decio Pignatari and a Swiss named Eugen Gomringer; and discovering common concerns and ambitions, they decided to call their poetry "concrete," partially in deference to the Swiss "concrete" painter, Max Bill, for whom Gomringer then worked as a secretary. Then, as Emmett Williams remembers, "In 1957, the year Haroldo de Campos of Brazil introduced Concrete poetry to Kitasono Katue of Japan, the Rumanian-born artist Daniel Spoerri, leader of the 'Darmstadt Circle' of Concrete poets (which included a German dramaturgist, Claus Bremer, and an American expatriate, Emmett Williams), published the first international anthology of Concrete poetry."

Building upon this pseudo-historicism, Williams adheres more strictly than other anthologists to a conception of "concrete poetry" as not an autonomous art form but the produce of accredited members of a discrete movement, which is to say those impregnated with the seed at an earlier, as opposed to a more recent, time. However, the practice of attributing a new art exclusively to a certain group, rather than anyone who chooses to create it, is a kind of European duplicity that, thankfully, does not succeed too long in America.

The word "concrete" is finally so inapplicable that there is every good reason to discard it entirely for something more general and yet discriminating; and since the best pieces included in these anthologies—those most meaningful to this open-minded and experienced observer—express their art where word and image enhance each other, let me propose the phrase "word-imagery" to circumscribe the area between poetry and visual art. In true word-imagery, then, the word (usually isolated from syntactical context) and image are so inextricably complementary that one cannot be separated from the other without destroying the art, and the work usually reveals that attention has been paid to each dimension.

There is, for instance, all the difference in art and communication between "disintegration" and, to quote one of my own works:



And in that enhancement lies the most elementary strategy and interest in the new art. In that case, the tradition of word-imagery dates beyond the parochial history of the concretists to include those modern painters who successfully incorporated recognizable words into their visual fields—Paul Klee, Carlo Carra, Kurt Schwitters, Stuart Davis—and poets who set their words out into expressive designs—Christian Morgenstern, Filippo Marinetti, Vladimir Mayakovsky, e. e. cummings, and, more influentially, Guillaume Apollinaire.

Word-imagery is, then, an indubitably serious art, deserving the most serious attention and the most conscientious anthologists; and although each of these selections has something of importance not found in the others, none will go down in this new art's history as definitive. Mary Ellen Solt's *Concrete Poetry: A World View* is undoubtedly the most responsible of the lot, and probably the most valuable one too. It opens with a critical introduction that is levels beyond anything previously written on the subject—it is particularly recommended to those who prefer reading the most persuasive commentary before sampling an unfamiliar art; and although she retells the parochial history of "concrete poetry," she also knows that the organized movement has no monopoly of either precursors or practitioners. The poems are printed in extremely clear reproductions, on the largest pages of all the anthologies here; and a few are reproduced in several colors. Nearly everything about this book testifies to Mrs. Solt's critical intelligence—a quality rare in someone who is also one of a new art's most accomplished practitioners.

Her book's most glaring faults lie in her selections of individual works; for while she invariably picks the few best pieces by the second-level poets, such as Emmett Williams and Robert Lax, or even such third-rate figures as Aram Saroyan, Mrs. Solt's choices from the few truly excellent creators—Bory, John Furnival, Ferdinand Kriwet—are invariably weaker than their very best, while neither she nor anyone else reprints one of the very best word-image artists, the American painter Robert

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Indiana. The trouble is that including anything other than the most consequential pieces invariably compromises the introductory anthologist's purposes; for as dreadful and boring as most efforts in this or any other new forms are, critics of word-imagery should never forget that the bad ones simply do not count—it is by the best and the very best alone that we ultimately measure the achievement of a particular style of a new art.

The Future of Roman Catholic Theology

GEORGE A. LINDBECK

Fortress, $4.75

RICHARD P. McBRIEN

George Lindbeck, a professor of theology at Yale University, was an official Protestant observer at the Second Vatican Council, representing the Lutheran World Federation. This book grew from his experience at the Council and, more proximately, from a series of lectures he delivered at Concordia Lutheran Theological Seminary, St. Louis, in August, 1966.

Accordingly, the book's immediate purpose is to explain the significance of Vatican II to Protestants, particularly those in the mainstream Lutheran tradition, and to extrapolate future trends in Roman Catholic theology. But the author does much more than that. He enters into direct dialogue with contemporary Catholic thought and thereby produces a work of some ecumenical substance.

It is Lindbeck's conviction that, while there is much ambiguity, ambivalence, and compromise in the conciliar documents, a careful analysis discloses certain abiding features which augur well for the future of Catholic theology and doctrine. The focal point of his discussion, as it was of the Council itself, is the doctrine of the church: its nature and mission in the world.

He suggests that Vatican II opened the way for a radically new vision of the church by its partial, and not totally consistent, embrace of "realistic eschatology," i.e., an understanding of the Kingdom of God as already inaugurated in Christ, but not fully or exclusively realized in him. The Kingdom will come as God's transcendent act, and not as an earthly achievement, but there is some real continuity between our human history and God's final deed (see especially the Pastoral Constitution on the Church in the Modern World, n. 39).

This new vision of the world, although not formally and explicitly dominant in the council documents, provides us with an understanding of the church as the pilgrim People of God (its nature) and the sign of God's Kingdom (its mission). The church does not exist for its own sake. Christians are servants of the Kingdom, participating in God's "anonymous humanizing activity even when they do not thereby win members or Christianize the world in any overt way." This is its mission of *diakonia.*

But if God is so massively at work outside the church, how important or necessary are those traditional activities of the church, such as worship, prayer, and sacraments? What, indeed, is the distinctive place of the Christian community?

It is God's will, Lindbeck argues, that some people should keep alive the memory of Christ and the hope in his promises. Through its preaching, its devotions, its sacraments, and its worship, the church consciously celebrates "the glorious view of where the universe is heading." This is its mission of *leitourgia.*

Finally, the church is a fellowship in the Spirit, a community signifying the presence of God in history. It has a mission of *koinonia.*

This fellowship, however, must manifest itself in the life and structures of the church. Lindbeck thinks the major point of division between Protestants and Catholics is here, and he devotes

Six pioneering thinkers explore our stake in the creation of a brave new world . . .

WHO SHALL LIVE?

Medicine • Technology • Ethics

edited by Kenneth Vaux

Dr. Christiaan Barnard's first heart transplant electrified the world and gave new urgency to the question of who shall live and who shall die. People in all walks of life have joined doctors in struggling with the issues raised by today's revolution in medical and biological technology.

Margaret Mead places scientific controversies within a cultural-anthropological context. Emmanuel H. Mesthene deals with the creative intersection of technology and ethics. Robert F. Drinan, S.J., looks at abortion and the law. Paul Ramsey examines genetic manipulation. Joseph Fletcher outlines the implications of spare parts replacement for human beings. Helmut Thielicke focuses on the ambiguity of progress, the prolongation of life, and the question of human destiny.

Kenneth Vaux says in his introduction: These authors "explode simplistic answers, enlarge the field of vision, and undergird the work of those who seek to keep life on earth human."

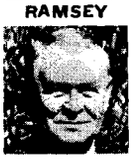
$6.50

MEAD

MESTHENE

DRINAN

RAMSEY


FLETCHER

THIELICKE

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

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two of the five chapters to this issue.

He applauds the change in Roman Catholic thinking on ecumenism: it is no longer simply a question of the return of "those others" as it is a reconciliation through mutual fidelity to the Word of God.

Lindbeck is even optimistic about the papacy of the future, although he must find his support in contemporary Catholic theology rather than in the conciliar texts themselves. He looks forward to a Roman Catholic church where the pope remains a strong leader (in much the same role as the U.S. Supreme Court) but where a balance is maintained between papal primacy and collegiality. He dares to hope, in fact, that the Catholic church can have Protestant liberty without Protestant divisiveness, institutional weakness and inertia.

The ultimate theological obstacle to Christian unity, however, is "not the problem of ecclesiastical structures, not even the problem of the papacy, but the debate over the infallibility of the church's dogma versus the *sola scriptura*."

But here again Lindbeck is not without hope. He suggests, on the basis of present trends in Catholic theology, that doctrinal development will be seen not as a continuous, organic, cumulative growth in understanding, but as a constant reformulation and correction of previous teachings, in the light of changing circumstances and renewed attention to the sources of faith. All dogmas will be regarded as provisional, i.e., subordinated and relativized by the coming Kingdom of God. Although Vatican II is still essentially Newmanian in its thought, Lindbeck predicts that the eschatological orientation summarized in his first chapter will be the one that finally prevails.

Dr. Lindbeck does not offer his book as a detailed historical or exegetical treatise on the documents of Vatican II, nor does he propose to survey the entire field of contemporary Catholic theology. Indeed, there are some bibliographical lacunae. He ignores, for example, some recent comment on the mission of the church by Baum, Dulles, Schillebeeckx, and Rahner, and others.

He tends also to leave aside some recent Catholic discussion on the theology of revelation (e.g., Moran, Baum, and Metz), while giving the impression, at least, of holding fast to the traditional Lutheran identification of Scripture and the Word of God, as if the one were exactly coextensive with the other.

The reader will not find herein any of the modern idiom of fantasy, festivity, celebration, wonder, angelic rumors, etc. But for those who still like their theology straight, this is a book easily consumed and pleasant to the taste. It is certainly one of the most constructive and helpful books to appear on the subject of the Second Vatican Council and contemporary Roman Catholic theology.

Men in Groups

LIONEL TIGER

Random House, $6.95

CARLO WEBER

Some 25 years ago, psychologist Kurt Lewin proposed an elaborate Gestalt theory of human behavior, featuring a map of the brain with regions, spaces, boundaries, J-curves and other interesting topographical data. It has been noted that Lewin's model, however unrealistic, stimulated more profitable, empirical research than any other contemporary theory of human psychic functioning.

Lionel Tiger's *Men in Groups* burst into an already polemic academic scene last year, promising to precipitate in another area what Lewin's model did 25 years ago.

It has been generally unanimous, at least in the reviews that I have read, that Tiger's hypothesis is 1) highly suggestive and provocative, 2) oversimplified, and 3) wrong. His book is succeeding, not so much because it is insightful and scholarly, though at times it is all that, but because it is provocative. It follows in the wake of a procession of studies on instinctual aggression by Lorenz, Ardrey and others. Perhaps these suggest that aggression may have become as appealing, at least to researchers, as sex.

Tiger's theory is simple, and repeatedly stated throughout his book: ". . . males are prone to bond, male bonds are prone to aggression; therefore, aggression is a predominant factor of human groups of males."

Evidence supporting the hypothesis is abundant. Even the atrocities revealed at My Lai and in Nigeria are but another documentary page of Tiger's abundant resources.

By feminists, Tiger will, and has been, accused of supporting male superiority. By psychologists, he will, and has been, accused of denying proper place to the traditional frustration-aggression hypothesis. Not so on either count. But the point will be made, because Tiger's theory is sure to raise the hackles on the backs of members of many suspect male groups: political, religious, sporting, etc. Perhaps that is so because so much of it is blatantly true. It is clear that Tiger is not saying that males alone bond into groups; females also do. Tiger has been accused by excluding women in his study; but it is dangerous to charge someone with overlooking what he did not intend to include. This is simply a study of male groupings. Tiger insists that men bond to hunt.

It is also clear that Tiger is not talking about violence, although violence may be an inevitable consequence. But development of Tiger's theory is simple enough—the urge of the male species to group together in order to aggress is sub-human. It is found, therefore, in primitive societies, and in the entire range of more sophisticated, civilized grouping patterns. "Hunting is the master pattern of the human species . . . It should not surprise us to find that the control of hunting—and, consequently, its social organization—are intimately involved with management of human propensities to violence."

Women's groupings do not bond for the purpose of the hunt; or possibly their hunting procedures are much more skillfully disguised. Males bond in an advance camp set up and maintained manifestly for the hunt. Women

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stalk their prey with infinitely more subtlety. Salome and her mother pleaded for the head of John the Baptist; but it was Herod who issued the decree of decapitation.

There is an application of Tiger's hypothesis to religious groupings of men. Again, much of what he says seems true. There is the hunt, carefully articulated under the rubric of missionary, apostolic activity; there can be more or less aggression, both latent and expressed; and there is, as has been recently more exposed, a special acrimony directed towards those who dare to separate themselves from the group. "The severe acrimony which may accompany such contention suggests, that like a woman scorned, those who have their trusted alliances torn, often despise more those who were close to them than the general enemy against whom the alliance normally inveighed."

But in saying so much, Tiger may perhaps say too little. The awareness that the hunting instinct in male groups is primitive, innate and sub-human does little towards the eradicating of violence in our culture. Indeed, by saying it so clearly, Tiger has already invited some of that violence to be turned on himself. Knowledge can be an empty response, when the original issue is not that male groups tend to aggression, but what to do about it.

House of Gold

ELIZABETH CULLINAN

Houghton Mifflin, $5.95

ROSEMARY B. O'LEARY

House of Gold, by Elizabeth Cullinan, pulls aside the curtain of middle-class Irish Catholic respectability, revealing the curiously sterile wanderings of the participants in its drama. As with the church at large, Roman Catholics have in the past encouraged an image of themselves as separate, mysterious and sacred, and the hierarchy of ecclesiastical order is easily seen in the Devlin family: Mrs. Devlin's obituary notice lists her children in order of their religious roles rather than their relative ages. The "proper" but awkward result begins, "Mother of the late Reverend Vincent dePaul, of the Reverend Philip R., of Mother Mary James S.I.H.M. and Mother Helen Marie S.I.H.M., also of the late . . ." Seniority is displaced by loyalty to a dream, and a tenacious, unyielding dream it is. Like the phrase from a litany that forms the title of this novel, Mrs. Devlin's life style was one of royalty; already chosen, she was concerned only with keeping her family's aristocracy intact. What constituted this self-ordained royal role?

From all the trappings of Latin-rite Catholicism as practiced in Queens, New York (and they are nearly all detailed in the book), one could single out dedication to the Virgin as central —God is seen as the Infant Jesus, and the mother/child relationship is a prime one in *House of Gold.* Successful sons (the priests; the soldiers; the dead) retain a total loyalty to mother. Successful daughters (the nuns) don't marry —if they do, like Elizabeth, it is to a former seminarian, and they abide with their families in mother's home. Father spends a lifetime as mama's supporting actor. No one is ever given permission to leave; Justin escapes, but only through alcohol; Elizabeth has tried, but now wallows in guilt and uncertainty for having moved a few blocks away. (She has never left mother spiritually, however, as her poor, weak, timid husband's presence shows.) The novel is a perfect rendering of the centripetal force Mrs. Devlin's matriarchy exerts, and a manifest statement of the automata her children have become as a result. The only perspective granted the reader is given by Claire (read, Daughter-in-Law), who hasn't a mindless deference to the religious hierarchy of the household. She investigates her mother-in-law's soul in the guise of an old memoir, "The Story of a Mother," and suggests a parallel between the paraphernalia of faith—real and imagined—abounding in the house, and the dream itself, static and monotonous as a litany, and just as ritualized. The Devlins, led by mother, live a kind of group narcissism, and are never able to

POPE JOHN XXIII

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relate humanly to a world perpetually outside.

Various reviewers have seen in Miss Cullinan's novel an old-fashioned quality. In its attention of details of setting, in its chronological development and orderly, logical conclusion (the wake), *House of Gold* is indeed traditional, yet the subtle sense of irony that pervades nearly everyone's mental and oral meanderings gives the book an objectivity that is current, and penetrating. Perhaps the sense of traditionalism is due not so much to style as to content. *House of Gold* portrays a death which is unmourned by the survivors yet terribly bewildering to them. The Devlin children are left—like many Catholics today—without a center of gravity, helpless in their independence to do anything but enact the conventional motions. As Justin says, after deciding to re-enter the funeral parlor and say a rosary instead of escaping to the tavern: "Kneeling was better than standing. Saying the Hail Marys was better than talking. It would make the time pass. It would help fill up the hours. 'No, come on,' he said, 'we might as well go in.'"

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Evolutionary Philosophies and Contemporary Theology

ERIC C. RUST

Westminster, $6.50

ROBERT C. NEVILLE

Professor Rust, of the Southern Baptist Theological seminary, attends to three currently vital tasks in this book: (1) an understanding of the role of models in philosophy and theology, (2) a synthetic criticism and appropriation of diverse schools of thought in the schoolish field of natural theology, and (3) the construction of an adequate philosophical scheme for theology in a secular age. The first task is dealt with briefly since it continues work begun in Rust's earlier *Towards a Theological Understanding of History* (Oxford, 1963) and more especially in *Science and Faith: Toward a Theological Understanding of Nature* (Oxford, 1967). With regard to the second task, Rust devotes the bulk of the book to it and succeeds in making a contribution of considerable value for the whole intellectual community. His strategy is a dialectical discussion of Christian and non-Christian philosophers, from Hegel to Hartshorne, who have been concerned with evolution or process. Rust's concerns with these men are vital, his scholarship to be trusted, and for this his book is a plain help to scholars and more generous thinkers alike. It is only with respect to the third task, the positive model one should be able to build after noting the difficulties of predecessors, that this book fails; there is simply no model offered according to Rust's own criteria.

1) Rust calls metaphysics an "analogical art," by which he means it employs a conceptual model taken from some special domain and extends it to make the whole of experience intelligible. He argues there should be a philosophical model for interpreting *Christian* experience, that is, a natural theology, and conjures with the ways it is hedged in by revelation—for instance, it must allow a doctrine of creation *ex nihilo*, must reject any doctrine making reason more important than will or emotions, and must give great weight to history. Rust's treatment of these issues is not as thorough here as Ray Hart's in *Unfinished Man and Imagination*, or as persistent in raising the hard questions as John E. Smith's in *Reason and God;* but it is in the same interesting arena.

2) Rust's dialectic begins with Hegel, with brief mention of the Hegelians Croce and Feuerbach. Although his criticisms of Hegel from the standpoint of Christian orthodoxy are the standard ones since Hegel's time—pantheism, insufficient recognition of the individual, etc., Rust's important point is that Hegel moved the discussion of a Christian natural theology from categories of being to those of dynamic process.

After Hegel he considers the move from "process and naturalism to creative evolution and emergent deity." The main figures here are Marx, Lloyd Morgan, Samuel Alexander, and Bergson; whereas these positions are in close touch with experience, especially scientific experience, they are little able to make sense of the experience of transcendence or of the importance of human history.

The last non-Christian philosophy considered is Whitehead's. Rust gives a clear and competent exposition of his philosophy of organism, and obviously is appreciative of the elegance of Whitehead's theory as a model for metaphysics. The main objections Rust cites are that the atomistic theory of organism cannot account for enduring individuals or persons, that therefore God cannot be a person, and that God cannot be properly transcendent since he is organically connected with the world. Although I can think of specific rebuttals Whiteheadians can make against the specific arguments Rust uses, in the end Rust's criticisms are just and to the point.

Rust next moves into what he calls "process in Christian philosophizing."

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The first position is Wm. Temple's, with whom Rust is in obvious sympathy. Temple has a dialectical conception of reality in which the material part of nature is fully real but the spirit is supreme; Temple's God is eternal and transcendent, yet immanent and related to the contingent world. Rust's complaint is that Temple's system is controlled too much by Christian faith to be natural theology; it is difficult to see how this can be a real objection on Rust's own view.

The next consideration is of Teilhard de Chardin whom Rust treats with great sensitivity, appreciation and lack of absurd devotion. Rust's appreciation focuses on the divinization of the developing universe, and his well taken criticism is that Teilhard's view of evil is shallow. The final position is the baptized Whitehead of Hartshorne and Cobb. Rust is generally favorable to the claim that a dipolar deity (one concretely relative to the world and only abstractly transcendent and eternal) solves many theological and philosophical problems, and is sensitive to the originality of Hartshorne and the nuances of difference between Hartshorne and Cobb. The chief criticism is that process philosophy at best allows too meager a doctrine of creation. I would be the first to agree with this.

3) Rust's concluding chapter seems to be aimed at constructing a proper philosophical model for Christian theology by judiciously picking and choosing among the positions earlier discussed. Although Rust is elegantly judicious in picking and choosing he fails to construct a model. His conclusions lack the formal integrity of a theoretical construct. We are left with sundry comments on how far process thinkers can be trusted in saying what Christians antecedently know they want to say. Without warning, Rust is willing to trade the philosophy of organism for personalism; but that is a snare and delusion. Personalism becomes gibberish when extended to the cosmological dimensions of natural theology, and Rust has done nothing in this book to justify his high hopes for it or even to state it as a conceptual model.

My complaint about Rust's flat conclusion should in no way detract from appreciation and thanks for his positive criticisms in his historical dialectic.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 27)

to point to two. Some time ago, Christians on the whole were content to divide reality into two parts: this world in which we live—the "natural"—and the world "above," where God has his proper domain—the "supernatural." God involved himself in our lives continually in ordinary, unseen ways and rarely in spectacular, marvelous ways, but even so, his proper abode was not in this world, but "above." And this "above" was construed to some extent in a literal, spatial sense. But gradually the light has been dawning on Christians that there is no real basis for understanding this "above" in a literal sense. Thus, the question arises: if God is here and only here, where is he and what is he and how do we now understand him?

Secondly, man has viewed God as a single, individual, personal Being, who thinks, knows, loves, etc., in a way somewhat resembling the human manner of thinking, knowing, loving. With this anthropomorphic understanding of God, man relates himself and his world to God with pleasant results: God loves me, watches over me, is waiting in heaven for me, etc. But here also a change has been setting in.

With Paul Tillich, more and more Christians are realizing that man has no solid grounds for thinking such a God exists. And without this God, many traditional elements of Christian faith come into question: prayer, life after death, creation, the divinity of Christ, etc. But, with Rudolph Bultmann, the wise man does not simply junk these concepts but reinterprets them on the basis of his contemporary view of God, guided by current philosophy. For example, man has traditionally called God good or loving, and this assertion has been based, I hope, on the good or pleasing aspects which man observes in his life along with the realization that man himself is not finally responsible for these. At this time man needs to carefully examine this situation and others like it (e.g., man's dependence on reality outside himself=God creates man) and make about them whatever relevant statements he can.

The trouble is that this is now in progress and has not yet jelled into a form satisfying to the priest and layman. Consequently each is now in a state of doubt and confusion (more or less), with the priest having the more serious doubts because of his greater closeness to and interest in the matter. Probably the church will continue to experience grave difficulties until a contemporary theology based on current philosophy appears. JOHN B. CONNER

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